

**EUGENE L. SYDNOR,**  
**DENTIST,**  
Troy, - - Missouri.

WILL attend to all kinds of Dental work and guarantee entire satisfaction. He will visit the different parts of the county, previous notice of which visits will be given.  
Office—Front room over C. C. Randall's Boot and Shoe Store.  
July 22/72

**J. C. GOODRICH.** **W. W. BIRKHEAD**  
**GOODRICH & BIRKHEAD,**  
**DENTISTS,**  
Troy, - - Missouri.

D. BIRKHEAD will be in the office all the time. Dr. GOODRICH will only be here from time to time, due notice of which will be given. Gas for the PAINLESS extraction of teeth administered at all times by Dr. Birkhead.  
August 31, 1871.—v6n25y1

**G. T. DUNN,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
New Hope, - - Missouri.

Will practice in the Courts of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit. Special attention given to collecting. Office—Front room over J. R. Knox's Bank.  
v7n16m6p

**R. C. MAGRUDER,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
Cap-au-Gris, - - Missouri.

Will practice in the Courts of the Nineteenth Judicial District.  
v7n5

**W. C. McFARLAND,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
Troy, - - Missouri.

Will practice in the Courts of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit, and will give special attention to collections. Office—Front room over J. R. Knox's Bank.  
v7n16

**CHAS. MARTIN, JR.,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
Troy, - - Missouri.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit. Special attention given to the collection of debts.  
v6n39

**A. V. McKEE.** **E. N. BONFILS.**  
**McKEE & BONFILS,**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**  
Troy, - - Missouri.

Will practice in the various Courts of this and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections and matters relating to real estate.  
Office, northeast corner Main and Cherry streets, just below Laclede Hotel.  
v6n37

**J. B. ALLEN.** **W. T. BAKER.**  
**ALLEN & BAKER,**  
Attorneys-at-Law, Agents State and  
Phoenix Insurance Companies,  
and Real Estate Agents,  
TROY, MISSOURI.  
JOSEPH B. ALLEN, Notary Public.  
ap25-72n17

**B. W. WHEELER.**  
**Attorney at Law and Notary Public,**  
**NEW HOPE, MO.**

Will attend to any professional business in the Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Pike and Montgomery Counties.  
sep7-71n36y1

**WM. FRAZIER.** **G. W. COLBERT.**  
**FRAZIER & COLBERT,**  
Attorneys at Law & Real Estate Ag'ts,  
TROY, MISSOURI.

Will practice in all the courts of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit. Special attention given to collections and to the sale and purchase and leasing of real estate. Abstracts of title, warranty deeds, deeds of trust and mortgages made out on short notice. Large number of valuable farms for sale at low prices. Office on Main street in Randall's building, up stairs.  
v7n14

**WALTON & CREECH,**  
**Attorneys at Law & Real Estate Ag'ts,**  
**TROY, MO.**

Will practice in all the Courts of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit, and the Supreme Court of the State. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to.  
Office over Dr. S. T. East's Drug store. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.  
v6n2

**LACLEDE HOTEL,**  
**TROY, MO.**

**THORNHILL & BUSWELL, Prop'rs.**

THIS is a first-class hotel, furnished in good style and its table supplied with the best market affords. Strangers stopping in Troy will find here all the comforts of home.  
The BAR is stocked with strictly prime liquors, such as Brandy, Whiskies, Wines, Ale, Gin, etc.; also the finest brands of Cigars.  
ap25n17

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**W. E. BROWN,**  
Chair of Rock, Mo.  
Jun19m25

**Administrator's Notice.**

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of administration were granted to the undersigned on the estate of Henry Quigley, dec'd, by the Clerk of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Mo., on the 10th day of July, 1872. Persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to the administrator within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate; and if not exhibited within two years from the date of said letters, they will be forever barred. [JUN21] DAVID T. WADDY, Adm'r.

## WINKER'S RING.

BY S. W. C.

Wash Wildoates was as warm hearted, generous, whole-souled a fellow as ever trod in shoe-leather or Pennsylvania avenue. Not a spark of ill-nature or meanness did he possess, and, although a good joker in his way, and fond of practical jokes, there was no malice in him; indeed, his jokes resembled the tales read in our childhood; they had a moral attached to them which always referred to some particular fault in the unlucky recipients, but which was seldom relished or appreciated by them.

Possessing plenty of means, Wildoates was nevertheless unwilling to be classed as one of the "lilies of the field," for having chosen the law as his profession, he was, during study hours, the most diligent of his class.

His most intimate friends were Gus Talbot, a medical student, and Fred Powell, a young and prosperous merchant on the Avenue; the three, being about the same age, and nearly inseparable after business hours, were styled the "Triumvirate" by their elders in consequence.

On one of those bright winter afternoons so common in the Federal city, Talbot, leaving his books, sauntered out to look for his friend Wash, hoping to see him ere the lecture for the college commenced. Not meeting him, he continued his walk until he reached the store of his friend Powell, where the following colloquy took place.

"Good evening, Fred."  
"Evening, Gus; how goes it?"  
"Fair to middling, as you say of your bacon. Seen Wash lately?"

"No, not since last night. Anything up?"  
"Well, yes. I think I am on the scent of something that promises fun."

"Splendid! What is it, Esculapian?"  
"Wait a bit. Here comes Wash; I can tell you both at the same time, and save breath."

"As doctors are supposed to preserve that necessary article, it is well to commence experimenting on yourself," replied Powell.

Wildoates was hoisterously received by his two friends, and the trio immediately repaired to a counting room in the rear of the store, when the contents of an eddy-shaped bottle, labelled "S. T. 1860, X," was partaken of by all with much gusto.

"Talbot was saying as you came in sight, that he had a new idea," remarked Powell to the new comer, seating himself, and motioning his companions to do the same.

"Has he? He had best nail it, then, or it may take wings and fly away, as my brief did this morning, out of the window—fatha it was the briefest brief I ever witnessed!"

"Wait until I get a license to kill or cure, M. Coke or Littleton, and I will physic you for that stale joke," retorted Talbot. "But really, I have a good thing to suggest."

"Out with it, then, doctor!"  
"You know old Winkum?"  
"What, the old rat who has the name of being the greatest rake, as well as the meanest man tolerated in good society in Washington?"

"I refer to that memorable individual."  
"Yes, I know him, but by sight only, I am happy to say," replied Wildoates.

"Well, he has just been up to another piece of rascality, and I propose to punish him in this manner—listen: You, Wash, have a talent for acting, and are personally unknown to him. You are to play the part of a gushing young creature of eighteen, quote Byron, and dote on ice cream and moonlight—in short be very sentimental, fascinate the old sinner, bleed him well, and bring him on his marrow bones with an honorable proposal. Then—well, we can decide after wards how to end the farce, and bring this modern Falstaff to earth."

"Humph! Why am I to act the part of Juliet to this uncouth Romeo, or as you term him, Falstaff?"  
"Why! Because of your former success in masquerading; and then your peculiar style of beauty is—"

"Come, now, none of that, doctor! Because my face is not bearded like a pard, you need not vote me into petticoats. Nature intended me for a lawyer or politician, and one cannot be too smooth faced for either of these professions."

"That's so. But you consent, of course?"  
"Yes, I suppose I must, for the good of society, if nothing else. I had better commence my fascinations at the fancy ball to be given next week, that is, if we can get him there."

"Let me alone for that," remarked Powell. "I will invite him to go with me; he will be sure to accept when he finds it will cost him nothing."

"He will find it expensive enough by the time we are done with him," laughed Talbot. "By the way, Wash, you will have to abstain from cigars, and touch the rosy god but lightly, during your metamorphosis; it is lucky you do not chew."

Wildoates responded by a groan and a look of dismay towards his cigar case, from which he was selecting a "Partiga."

"Have you decided what name I am to assume? I should like to know it at once, so as to become accustomed to it, for fear of accidents."

"There," replied Talbot. "I, as the originator of the project, will have the honor of introducing the fair Miss St. Clair to the ball on the 22d, the said fair damsel appearing en masque, and a total stranger to our friend Powell, or any other acquaintance we may meet."

"That is a good programme. But let us adjourn now, and leave Powell to his money-making while we roll a few games at John Mar's on the strength of it."

"Old Winkum," as he was contemptuously called, by the young men, was a rich bachelor about fifty years of age, notorious as a libertine notwithstanding his piousness; his gallantries were therefore the more remarkable. Although he was quite ill-favored, he was vain as a peacock, while his rotundity of figure amply justified the appellation of Falstaff bestowed upon him by Talbot. He seemed indeed to have no genuine respect for females of any class, and had more than once come to grief by his impertinence to them.

The night of the ball arrived, and found our intended heroine promenading arm-in-arm with her cavalier, Talbot.

The dress selected by Wildoates (or as we shall now style him Miss St. Clair) was that of a Turkish girl. It was composed of the richest materials, and admirably gotten up in every respect. His face, hidden in a veil belonging to the costume required no mask; indeed, no greater safeguard could be desired (even had the sex of the person been suspected) to prevent recognition by his most intimate friends; a calamity which might have ruined all their plans.

No fears on these grounds were entertained from their intended victim, whose arrival was now anxiously looked for.

He soon entered accompanied by Powell, and, in a short time was introduced by Talbot to Miss St. Clair in a natural off hand manner, as if the meeting was purely the result of an accident.

The party soon commenced a general conversation, seating themselves for the purpose, the conspirators taking the opportunity to become accustomed to the role they had to play the remainder of the evening.

Winkum soon turned his attention to the supposed fair one by his side, and, when they arose, solicited the favor of a promenade, which of course was cheerfully granted.

Talbot and Powell, seeing the game pretty well in train, excused themselves for awhile, and retired to enjoy a good laugh at their success thus far.

"Do you reside in town, miss?" enquired the old beau of his companion.

"No, indeed," was the reply. "I am quite a stranger in Washington. It is my first visit, in fact, and everything appears so strange."

"I trust your visit will be a long one," was the gallant reply. "Should be pleased to advise you as to the objects of interest in our midst. Have known your friend Talbot a long time; and, rake. But boys will be boys; must not expect old heads on young shoulders, miss!"

Chatting thus, they walked along, and Wildoates played his part with such address that, without much conversation on his part, Winkum not only believed him to be an unsophisticated country girl, but an heiress to boot.

Completely charmed by his companion, and delighted with the easy victory he hoped to achieve over her purse and person, the aged Romeo invited her to partake of some refreshment, and surprised the waiter by the magnificence of his order.

Talbot who had watched the pair from a distance, soon made his appearance, and claimed the hand of Miss St. Clair for a dance. Winkum was forced to resign her, and grind his false teeth with rage and disappointment, remembering his gony foot and inability to do like wise.

All things have an end, and our belle left the ball before the hour for unmasking arrived.

Winkum asked for, and of course obtained permission to call on his new made acquaintance the following day.

Arrangements had been made to receive their victim at the rooms of the hotel occupied by Wildoates; they were carefully divested of all signs of masculine ownership, and the clerk had given his cue to carry out the joke in a becoming manner.

Winkum availed himself of the privilege given him, and received such encouragement that his visits became frequent; ere a week had passed, he had made known his passion by an honorable offer of his heart and hand, to which the fascinating heiress, with many blushes, gave a favorable reply.

Of course Winkum, during his visits, had a fair sight of the features of his charmer; but he was not personally acquainted with Wildoates, and, had he been, the disguise of the latter was so perfect, and his victim so unsuspecting, that it would have taken a keener person than he was to have detected the cheat.

Wildoates was also (with the exception of such times as he expected a visit from his lover) on the street or in his office, and his victim often heard of him in such places, little dreaming that he had left him but a few hours before, after breathing words of undying affection in his ears.

A valuable diamond ring was purchased by Winkum for his innamorata, as a pledge of his devotion, the purchase of which drew heavily on the purse and heart-strings of the old sinner, but he philosophically consoled himself with the reflection that it was merely so much money invested, sure to draw good interest before long.

Calling the day after the presentation of the ring, Winkum was informed by the polite clerk that Miss St. Clair had left the hotel. Somewhat alarmed at the abruptness of her departure, Winkum, much against his inclination, sought his supposed rival, Talbot, for information.

"What has become of Miss St. Clair?" demanded he, nearly out of breath, rushing into Talbot's office.

"I called to day, and was informed she had left the hotel. Do you know the reason?"

"The reason? Why, I know that the rooms lately used by her, were taken yesterday by my friend, Wildoates; they were formerly his; I do not suppose she could be found there after that; it would not look well, you know," replied Talbot, with provoking sang froid.

"How the duce should I know?" testily replied Talbot. "I don't keep the run of every pretty girl I meet in a ball room."

"But you introduced me, and told me she was a relative of your friend Wildoates," replied the sufferer, in an injured tone.

"To be sure I introduced you, knowing your fondness for the fair sex; as to her being a relative of Wildoates, it is the first time I have heard of it."

"Perhaps he or the landlord can inform me where she has gone," suggested Winkum.

"The landlord can possibly; but as to the relationship existing between her and Wash, you must excuse me for saying I do not believe a word of it," replied Talbot, with a yawn to conceal his suppressed laughter.

Taking his leave, Winkum sought Wildoates at his hotel, and, introducing himself, begged to be informed, if possible, where the missing fair one could be found.

"I am totally ignorant of the whereabouts of Miss St. Clair," stily replied our ex hero. "She occupied these rooms for a brief time, I understand from the landlord, and left suddenly, leaving only a lot of rubbish and an unpaid bill behind her."

"Thunder! And my—"

"What sir! Did you lose anything by the party?" innocently inquired Wildoates.

"No—yes—no—I mean," stammered the unfortunate Winkum, the fact is, I had become quite interested in the young woman; had an introduction from young Talbot, a rather fast man, I fear—perhaps you know him. I was fearful she might be led into evil company and ruined, as many innocent girls are, you know," continued the hypocritical old scamp, with a face the very quintessence of virtue.

"Well, I can give you no further information on the subject," answered Wildoates, turning on his heel.

That night there was a lively trio assembled in the parlor of the pretended Miss St. Clair.

"Here's long life to the late fair occupant of these rooms," exclaimed Powell, tossing of a glass of champagne.

"And here's continued confusion to her obese admirer," continued Talbot.

"Gentlemen, I must beg you to pay more regard to my feelings, turn as I am from the heart that beats only for me," pathetically remarked Wildoates.

"How did he look when on his knees, Wash?"

"Like a sick elephant doing penance, and sighing like a furnace, for which orthodox method see Shakespeare. There, let's change the subject. I want a smoke. I have denied myself the luxury so long that I feel miserable. You chaps have had the best of this joke, anyhow."

"Nonsense! We had no treats, nor diamond rings, given us," laughed Talbot.

"By Jove! That reminds me—what is to be done with that? It is genuine—worth a cool hundred at least. Who would have supposed he would have done so well? It may give us trouble."

"He deserves to lose it, if for nothing else but for his treatment of poor J's daughter," remarked Powell seriously.

"That is true; but then, we have no right to it."

"Propose that we sell or raffie it, and contribute the proceeds to some charitable institution in his name," suggested Talbot. "He is able to stand that much for charity. I imagine he never gave anything of his own free will in his life."

"Agreed!"

Old Winkum was again surprised, a few days after the above conversation took place, by receiving a note of thanks from the superintendent of a well-known foundling asylum, thanking him for his generous donation.

"More with work!" growled the benefactor of unknown juveniles. "Satan must be let loose in Washington to plague me! Here I have just been swindled out of a diamond ring by a pretty adventuress, and now comes the letter thanking me for a donation I know nothing of, as if I were fool enough to spend my money on unknown brats! Well, let 'em think so, it will give me the name of being charitable at small cost, unless it sets other hungry beggars at my heels. I wonder how much it was, though!"

Wildoates, poor fellow! died "a wearing of the gray," and rests in some unknown grave in the "wilderness."

Talbot is now a rising physician in a distant state, while Powell, having accumulated a fortune during "the war," resides in a neighboring city. Sometimes, when on a visit to Washington, the two friends meet old Winkum, who, fatter and more gony than ever, has taken to horse flesh, and may be seen any day on the avenue, never passing "Gale's" window, however, without a sigh of regret for his lost money invested in the "diamond ring."—Waverly.

"I premise to love, honor and be gay," is the way Philadelphia brides get around the nuptial vows.

Donn Swift said: "It is with narrow souled people as it is with narrow necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out."

## Miseries of Fashionable Women.

There is a passage in Lord Jeffrey's review of Miss Edgeworth's "Tales of a Fashionable Life," in which the great critic describes, with admirable force, the miseries of the fashionable. This wretched hint, after a reputation for fashion, with its constant heart-burnings and defeats, is, he considers, more productive of real misery than the serious calamities of life. This may seem a strong assertion, he adds, but is his deliberate conviction, and his statements on this head are strengthened by the opinions of one fully as competent to form just conclusions—Sir Henry Holland.

In his recent autobiographical sketch that celebrated person states that he has known people to be made absolutely ill by their anxiety and disappointment in regard to tickets of admission for Almack's balls in London.

Speaking of fashionable women, the London Lancet has lately had some very sound remarks in the same strain. "Fashion," it says, "kills more than toil or sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her task still lives and grows old, and sees two or three generations of her mistresses pass away. The washwoman, with scarcely a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all extinct. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth that fashion pampered women are worthless for all good ends of life; they have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will and quite a little physical energy. They live for no great ends. They are dolls, formed in the hands of milliners and servants, to be fed to order. If they have children, servants and nurses do all save to conceive and give them birth; and when reared what are they? What do they amount to but weak scions of the old stock! Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue and power of mind for which it became eminent! Read the biographies of our good men and women. None of them had a fashionable mother."

AN IOWA WOMAN VERSUS A NEW RAILROAD.—The following funny account of an irate female rail-way hater appeared lately in the New York Tribune: It was necessary that the road should pass through a part of her property, a proceeding to which she objected so violently that the authorities could only assess the regular damages and assume the right of way, willy-nilly. The thunderous tornado of her wrath was roused, but not until the trains began to run did she commence active war. Then, when a locomotive came up one day, it found a rail fence built across the road and the venerable dame seated on top, in the centre of the track, with determination and defiance blazing in her eyes. Would she get off? No, she wouldn't. The engineer and the conductor exhausted themselves in threats and commands, but all in vain—like Napoleon at St. Helena, she sat firmly and surveyed the scene with vociferous disapprobation. The train must go on—there was nothing to be done but go on. Not until the engine began to make the rails fly did the gentle lady hasten from her perch, and as the train disappeared she executed a wild dance of rage on her desecrated land. Some time after that her genius, and the sweetness and light of her nature inspired her to alight the track before the advent of a long wood train. Of course the car wheels spun about helplessly and the train was indefinitely delayed, while Madam, with folded arms, stood on a lofty hill top near, and, like the eagles of the republic, laughed out in scorn. What she will do next none can guess, and the railroad people, who have a deadly fear of her, are recommended to say their prayers regularly when they approach that part of the road.

WHERE THE "CONFOUNDED MOTHER" WAS.—A gentleman who came up the Hudson on the St. John, yesterday, tells this story:

"I noticed," he said, "a serious looking man, who looked as if he might have been a clerk or book keeper. The man seemed to be caring for a crying baby, and was doing everything he could to still its sobs. As the child became restless in the berth, the gentleman took it in his arms and carried it to and fro in the cabin. The sobs of the child irritated a rich man, who was trying to read, until he blurted out loud enough for the father to hear—"

"What does he want to disturb the whole cabin with that d-d baby for?"

The man only nestled the baby more quietly in his arms without saying a word. Then the baby sobbed again.

"Where is the confounded mother that she don't stop its noise?" continued the profane grumbler.

At this the father came up to the man and said: "I am sorry you disturb you, sir, but my dear baby's mother is in her coffin down in the baggage room. I'm taking her back to Albany where we used to live."

"The hard-hearted man," says my friend, "buried his face in shame, but in a moment, wilted by the terrible rebuke, he was by the side of the grief-stricken father. They were both tending the baby."

Donn Swift said: "It is with narrow souled people as it is with narrow necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out."

## Final Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, Executor of the estate of Milton L. Lovell, deceased, will make a final settlement of his administration of said estate at the next term of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Mo., to be begun and held at the court house in Troy on the second Monday in October, 1872.  
aug21n34 GEO. A. HAMILTON, Ex'r.

## Final Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the co-partnership estate of Lovell & Hamilton, will make a final settlement of his administration of said estate at the next term of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Mo., to be begun and held at the court house in Troy on the second Monday in October, 1872.  
aug21n34 GEO. A. HAMILTON, Adm'r.

## Final Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of George L. McGreggor, deceased, will make a final settlement of her administration of said estate at the next term of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Mo., to be begun and held at the court house in Troy on the second Monday in October, 1872.  
aug21n34 MARGARET H. LOVELL, Adm'r.

## Final Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator do bonis non of the estate of Anton Seppeler, deceased, will make a final settlement of his administration of said estate at the next term of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Mo., to be begun and held at the court house in Troy on the second Monday in October, 1872.  
aug21n34 HENRY MEMMERSMEIER, Administrator, do bonis non.

## Order of Publication.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Talbot, Bragg, Sr., deceased, on the 13th day of July, at the July term of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Mo., for 1872, filed his petition as such administrator for the sale of the real estate of said deceased, or so much thereof as might be necessary to pay the debts due by said deceased, accompanied by the lists and inventories required by law, and that unless the contrary be shown an order will be made for the sale of said real estate at the October term of said Probate Court for 1872, which term will be begun and held at the court house in Troy, Mo., on the second Monday in October, 1872, when and where all persons interested in said estate will appear and show cause why said order of sale should not be granted.  
aug21 S. R. WOOLFOLK, Adm'r.

## Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Henry McMahon, deceased, will in obedience to the order of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Missouri, made at the July term of said court for the year 1872, sell on

Wednesday, October 24, 1872,

at public vendue, at the court house door in the town of Troy in said county, between the hours of ten o'clock a. m., and five o'clock p. m. of said day, and during the session of the Circuit Court of said county, at the September term thereof for 1872, the real estate belonging to and deceased, situated in said county of Lincoln, Mo., and described as follows, to wit, or so much thereof as will be sufficient to pay the debts of said deceased: 168 acres in survey No. 1813, beginning at a stone northwest corner of a tract of land sold by Richard T. Gladney to Samuel Weeks, from which a line 10 inches in diameter bears south 73 degrees east 32 links, thence north 66 1/2 degrees east 29 chains 16 links to a stone northeast corner said Week's tract, from which a pin oak 6 inches in diameter bears south 2 degrees west 23 links, and do, 5 inches in diameter bears south 73 degrees west 24 links, thence north 21 1/2 degrees west 43 chains and 80 links to a stone, southeast corner of a tract of land deeded by Richard T. Gladney to L. L. Gladney, his heirs, thence south 66 1/2 degrees west 22 chains and 16 links to a stone southwest corner of the above named tract, thence south 21 1/2 degrees east 63 chains and 80 links to beginning, with the exception of 100 acres deeded by said Henry McMahon and wife to Henry Ellis off said tract in survey No. 1814, by deed recorded in book V page 276 of the records of said county. Also the following: Beginning at stone in the Prairie northwest corner survey 1813, thence north 68 degrees east with the original northwest boundary line 20 chains and 16 links to a forked pin oak 15 inches in diameter, from which a pin oak 8 inches in diameter bears south 12 degrees east 30 links, thence south 22 degrees east 20 chains 58 links to a stone, thence south 68 degrees west 29 chains 16 links to a stone, thence north 22 degrees east 20 chains and 58 links to place of beginning, containing 60 acres, more or less. Also a tract of land beginning at the southeast corner of a lot of land allotted to A. A. Chouteau as the widow, by commissioner in partition of survey No. 1814 among the heirs of Chouteau, thence north 22 degrees w. 15 chs to a stone corner from which a black oak 12 inches in diameter bears north 35 degrees west 50 links, also a black oak 14 inches bears north 45 degrees west 33 links, thence south 68 degrees west 25 chains and 57 links to a stone corner from which a white oak 8 inches in diameter bears north 74 degrees east 15 links, also a white oak 20 inches bears north 50 degrees west 21 links, thence south 22 degrees east 15 chains to a pile of stone for corner, from which a hickory 9 inches bears north 39 degrees west 12 links, thence north 65 degrees east 20 chains and 80 links to the beginning, containing 40 acres, more or less, all of said land being in township 31 range 1 east and 1 west, all of said land sold clear of widow's dower, and also clear of mortgage deed on same in favor of James W. Welch, said Welch to be paid the amount of his debt out of sales of said land.

TERMS—One half cash; balance in 9 months; purchaser to give bond for deferred payment bearing 10 per cent interest from date, with good security. No deed to be made until purchase money be fully paid.  
aug21 THOMAS A. HALLEY, Ad